

SOLDADARAS, SOLDIER WOMEN OF MEXICO'S ARMIES

The Death Lists of Huerta, Villa and Zapata Carry Names of Many Women Slain While Fighting in Battle or Skirmish.

WHEN history chronicles the story of the present revolution against the dictator, Huerta, it will have much to say about the women of Mexico. The wives, mothers and sisters of that land have demonstrated their bravery and forbearance through the perils and the hardships of war, facing even death with fortitude.

The soldaderas, or army women of Mexico, are the Florence Nightingales and the Clara Bartons of the revolutionary or governmental camp. With hands no less tender, if less skilled, and hearts no less sympathetic than those of their famous prototypes, these primitive women bind up the wounds of the fallen, carry drink to the fever parched and minister to the dying.

Always it has been the woman of the soil who has been the soldier-woman. Others, more refined, less tied to earth, have been adept in ministering to the wounded. Their ambition to help was no less strong, but it found a less strenuous means of expression.

The soldadera is typical of the lower class woman of Mexico. She usually is an Indian. Her endurance is inherent, her loyalty doglike. She receives no tribute or pay, but sacrifices herself usually for the love of her husband, or, as he is more generally called, her "man."

PRIMITIVE NUPTIALS ARE THE RULE AMONG THEM.

"Husband" in Mexico is a broad term. Church ceremonies are dispensed with by the common people on account of their expense, and, as a consequence, marriage among them is often simply a pledge to constancy in the presence of relatives and friends. But this pledge is as binding and sacred among these primitive folk as is the most orthodox marriage ceremony in more civilized countries. The pledge given, the "husband" henceforth is known as the Mexican wife's "man," and she as the husband's "woman." In the event of the husband's death his brother takes care of her and her children, or, in case he has no brother, this responsibility falls upon his nearest friend.

The soldadera, following in the wake of her "man" to Federal or Constitutionalist camp, as his sympathies may lead him, experiences not only war's ever prolonged fear for the safety of her loved ones, but also the hard life of the men in camp or on the march. She carries little as to whether the troops are moving and asks not why they go, but follows loyally unto the end.

Of such calibre was the loyalty of Mathilde Martinez, whose story will go down in history. This soldadera, with her five little ones, followed her husband when he answered the call of the Federals and took up arms under Huerta. Shoulder to shoulder they fought in defence of their government, until, in the battle of Chihuahua, he was killed at her side. Villa's victorious forces took many prisoners. But Mathilde Martinez, with her five children, one in the toddling age, escaped.

AWFUL JOURNEY ACROSS 225 MILES OF DESERT.

Out across the desert, toward the north, she wandered. Many days later, bedraggled and foot-sore, but still undaunted, the woman and her children reached El Paso. This is the Ameri-

can city across the Rio Grande from Juarez, itself 225 miles from Chihuahua. Her cracked lips asked piteously for food for her children. Willing American hands supplied it. She was asked to tell whence she came.

When first she described her husband's life and her own with the Huertistas she was not believed. And incredulity increased when she told the story of his death and of her wanderings with her five little ones, over 225 miles of sun-baked desert and lonely mountain range. Her phrases were few, her gestures graphic, her attitude merely, "I don't care whether you believe me. Just feed my children." Then some one recognized in her the famous Federal soldadera and vouched for her. She and her little ones now are safe in the American refugee camp in New Mexico.

Another instance of characteristic



STRAGGLING ALONG WITH VILLA'S ARMY



MATHILDE MARTINEZ (ON LEFT) AND HER FIVE SMALL CHILDREN

Mexican endurance is the story of the "Soldadera of the Red Mantilla," as she was known about Villa's camp. This woman was a noticeable figure among Villa's troops because she always wore a bright-red mantilla and skirt. One day, in the march from Ojinaga to Terecote, she lagged further and further behind the troops, falling behind the brigade in which her husband served. One or two at the end of the column, observing with what difficulty she seemed to be trudging along, asked her if she were tired. She replied that she was all right, but probably would drop out of line until the next day.

The following day, at dusk, this soldadera reappeared in camp, minus the red mantilla and skirt. She wore a black petticoat and waist. In her arms was a crumpled bundle of bright red hue. As she passed Villa's headquarters he recognized her. He questioned her as to why she had not come on with the rest. Her simple answer was to unfold the red mantilla. In it lay a new-born babe.

The soldadera is not Red Cross duty. (Incidentally, in Villa's army, the Blue Cross takes the place of our Red Cross.) Primarily the woman

soldier of Mexico belongs to the commissary department of the army. The conditions under which she lives while ministering to the soldiers and supplying them with food are less simple than primitive, less human than animal.

In a country where there is no fresh food and little water, a soldadera will prepare a nourishing and palatable repast of tortillas and frijoles from the little pack which she carries on her burro's back. Her foods are unprepared. She has not the advantage of canned foods, bread, or even hardtack, as carried by the commissary department of our own army. Tied to the side of her burro's saddle is a bag of corn grain. This she first must grind into meal between two desert stones before moistening and moulding it into little cakes, which she fries on the most primitive of stoves.

If there is no camp stove she invents one by placing a piece of sheet-iron or tin, large enough to hold several vessels, upon two stones. Under it she builds a fire.

In the desert the root of the mesquite is converted into firewood. Mesquite grows in little clumps above the surface of sandy wastes, and its roots, in

their search for water, extend as far as twenty feet into the ground. The soldadera must dig up these roots with which to make a fire before she can cook her food.

The meat question in Mexico is a problem. There is plenty of beef to be had, but it is hard to keep it after the killing. A flank hung up awaiting need spoils within a few days. Therefore the beef carried by the soldadera has first been put through a process of drying, and cut into strips. The soldadera moistens this beef and adeptly converts it into a tasty dish by use of the condiments so acceptable to the Mexican palate.

But preparing food, or even procuring it under starvation conditions, is simple compared with what she must do with it when she has cooked it. A mile or so to the front—a mile swept by shrapnel and small arms bullets that have overshot their mark—is the firing line. The men on it must be fed. They must be supplied with hot coffee. Their empty cartridge belts must be refilled.

The task of doing these things is the soldadera's. Nor was it forced on her as the price of her presence with her "man." So far, at any rate, as Villa's

army is concerned the women from the very first demanded performance of these services as their right. They refused to remain "in the service of the rear" and permit men to be ammunition and food bearers. Every man, they knew, counted in their fierce fight. And so they took upon themselves the deadly task that in all other armies men perform.

This explains why the casualty lists of Villa's battles have borne so many women's names. They have braved the bullet hived zone between firing and cook lines. They have worked their way into the trenches, there to fire the rifles of their men while the men took respite for a few minutes from the grim work of war.

The soldadera is entirely ignorant of our modern appliances for washing clothes. The open air is her laundry. A running stream is her washtub; and two stones, between which she pounds the clothes to dislodge the dirt, serve as washboard; mesquite bushes are her clothesline. The desert sun dries her washing more quickly than could any steam dryer of the most up-to-date laundry.

With head and shoulders wrapped in a silk mantilla of her own weaving—

blankets and kettles, room somehow is made for her chickens and parrots, which ride in state on top of the pack, cackling and screeching their accompaniments to the tune of the kettle-drum music.

The Chihuahua, or Mexican hairless dog, is a much loved pet of the soldadera, and not infrequently as she trudges along one may see emerging from the sheltering folds of her silk mantilla one of these tiny creatures, for which American fanciers would give many times the \$200 Mexican money which she values it.

When taken prisoner the soldadera is free to desert. Yet few do so. Instead, even within the ranks of the enemy, she continues her ministering mission, emulating in no small degree the unselfish devotion and self-abnegation of our Red Cross nurses who consider neither caste, cause nor creed.

There are two other classes of women in Mexico, those of the middle class and those of the upper class. Although the spirit of the Amazons is not manifest in these women they display their patriotism in other ways. In the small towns they hold sewing bees, which, unlike such affairs of our own land, except in their informality, are

was he struck by the effect of onrush, as of an express steamer at sea, of the Flatiron Building, driving its sharp prow northward and dividing before it two mighty streams of endless traffic. Dr. von Farkashazy speaks English fluently, and brings to his talk the ready command of Latin quotation that has not yet become a dead tradition in Hungarian Parliamentary oratory and debate.

A REASONABLE INFERENCE. Man—is this a good seat? Ticket Seller—Well, sir, it's behind a post. Man—What's the matter? Isn't the

held for the purpose of making uniforms and fitting their men for war. And the women of Mexico of every class will send their men to war, even as the soldadera bids her men to the front with the admonition to "fight like a devil."

In Tia Juana the women of the village dug ditches and built embankments for its defence. The town fell, but not because of a lack of courage and spirit on the part of its women.

In the larger towns there are clubs of women who proclaim their own patriotism and kindle the patriotism of the people by marching white-clad through the streets, with banners held high, singing songs of Mexican valor.

Even the women of wealth are imbued with the spirit of patriotism. Members of the old aristocracy, of the court of Mme. Carmen Romero Rubio Diaz, the high society of Mexico—and high society in Mexico was very high indeed during the reign of President Porfirio Diaz—to-day are devoting themselves to charity and to the raising of war funds.

BRILLIANT COURT IN TIME OF SENORA DIAZ.

The aristocratic wife of President Diaz had established a veritable court which rivalled in brilliance those of Southern Europe. Public affairs, functions and banquets were extremely formal and were copied from occasions of the kind in Madrid and Paris, where many of the men and some of the women had been educated. This formal spirit was absolutely appalling to the democratic ambassadors and ministers from the United States and their wives. No one outside of the diplomatic corps ever was invited to any of these affairs. Fortunate, indeed, did the person count himself who secured an invitation by hook or crook to one of them. An affair of state was an affair of state. It did not include cousins, uncles, aunts and friends.

To-day this condition is changed. Court formalities and aristocracy are things of the past. There is no one left to direct them either in the Mexican or with the democratic simplicity of the Maderos.

Home life in Mexico before the present crisis was delightful. The various forms of social diversion were very different from those enjoyed in this country, and it is hard for an American of even great adaptability to enter into them with a zest. Cards, a taboo. Few Mexican women find bridge attractive. Teas—plain tea pouring and gossip—are not to be borne. But the dinner dance originated in Mexico. Mme. Calderon de la Barca, wife of the Spanish Minister in 1857, set the example of the dinner dance. All Mexicans love music, all love to dance, and when we know that a thirty-four-course dinner is not uncommon, need we say all love to eat?

The bullfight is not nearly so attractive to Mexican women as the world at large believes. Even Mme. Diaz, though a lover of the spectacle, expressed her abhorrence of it. As an honorary president of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals she worked for the abolishment of this cruel sport, but finally she was forced to bow to her husband's dictum that its continuance was a political necessity.

HUNGARIAN TELLS OF PLAN FOR FREE STATE

DR. SIGISMUND VON FARKASHAZY, formerly a member of the Hungarian Parliament and now the editor of his country's oldest newspaper, gave a representative of The Tribune a remarkably informing interview on Hungarian affairs a few hours after his arrival, the substance of which is here set down. The statesman-journalist is a supporter of the Opposition in his native country, whose leader, Count Michael Karolyi, only recently paid a short visit to his countrymen in the United States. Before entering upon his discussion of Hungarian affairs, however, Dr. von Farkashazy referred to his threatened retention at Ellis Island on his arrival here, and insisted upon making it clear that in his country and on the Continent generally duelling is not considered as a proof of moral turpitude, but as a social obligation binding upon all men of honor. To refuse to fight when challenged, he pointed out, makes a man an outcast, whose life is not worth living. His friends' doors are closed to him, he is forced to resign from his clubs and his career automatically comes to an end. He also explained that what the Opposition in Hungary asks of the Hungarians in this country is not money, but moral support. They, he says, know the conditions they left behind; they have learned here what they might be made, and their indirect influence, through their press and home relations, could be made to tell for good.

THE HUNGARIAN OPPOSITION IN PARLIAMENT.

The aim of the Opposition party in Hungary, Dr. Farkashazy went on to explain, is the establishment of a free state in the heart of Europe, founded on truly democratic principles, a peaceful state no longer serving as the tail of the adventurous Austrian kite, no longer paying more than its share of the ruinous cost of the Triple Alliance. Germany, the doctor explained, insists that Austria—and Italy—shall build Dreadnoughts to counterbalance the

naval power of England and France in the Mediterranean. Hungary has no direct interests there, or overseas; nevertheless her people must bear part of the crushing burden which armed peace involves. Hungary is, furthermore, not interested in Austria's policy in the Balkans, which has lost millions and paralyzed the trade and industry of the Dual Monarchy. The money thus squandered should have been applied to internal needs, to the education and progress of the Hungarian people. But Austria rules at Budapest through the party in power, misleadingly called the Labor party, although the interests of the Hungarian workingman are furthest from its thoughts. That party was put at the head of affairs in an election bought with Austrian gold and influence and promises. It does not represent the people, but a corrupt minority. Hence the claim by the opposition of the right to obstruct all lawmaking that would be binding upon the nation for years to come; hence, also, the wild scenes at the sessions of the House, of which so much is heard.

RELATIONS OF SLAVS AND MAGYARS IN THE MONARCHY.

Asked about the enmity of the different races in Hungary toward the Magyars, which has broken out time and again in the press of this country since the beginning of the Balkan war, Dr. Farkashazy answered that it is not a question of races, but of classes. He admitted that such oppression exists, but explained that the Magyar peasant is as much oppressed as is the Slovak, or the Ruthenian, or the Serb peasant. Conditions in the rural districts of Hungary are still semi-feudal. The lord of the soil treats the peasants as he pleases; the gendarmierie is at his beck and call. The Hungarian courts of justice are, on the whole, incorruptible, but care is taken that the grievances of the peasantry do not reach them. This oppression varies in audacity according to the backwardness of the race dealt with. The Mag-

yar peasant will bear less imposture and abuse than the Slovak, for instance, or than the Rumanian. Hence the confused cry that the Magyars, as a race, are the oppressors. Dr. von Farkashazy himself represented in Parliament a constituency that is overwhelmingly Rumanian in numbers. In the midst of it, however, there are three Magyar villages, whose inhabitants have spoken Rumanian for centuries, though they have retained their Magyar names. This spread of the languages of the non-Magyar Hungarians seems to be a common occurrence, which Dr. Farkashazy explains by the Magyar's greater linguistic equipment. It is easier for him to learn his neighbor's tongue than for the neighbor to learn his.

AUSTRIA'S ENDURING AUTOCRATIC SYSTEM.

Austria's methods of government, beneath their apparent modernization, Dr. Farkashazy maintains, are still those of the absolutism of Metternich. Under them no real progress is possible for Hungary, since, under the tariff regulations of the Dual Monarchy, she is forced to sell her natural products to Austria and to take the latter's manufactured goods in exchange. She is bound hand and foot economically, and the Labor party seeks by all means in its power to perpetuate this condition of affairs. The cost of it is appalling, not only in money but in all that money stands for in the state—education, the development of means of communication, improvements, progress in every direction. The dead hand of Austria must be removed if Hungary, naturally one of the richest countries in Europe, is to come into her own. And, the Separatist party claims, this can only be brought about by complete separation from the empire.

Austria's race problem, Dr. Farkashazy added, is far more serious and complicated than that of Hungary. A liberal, independent government, free to devote itself to the interests of the country without control and inter-

ference from Vienna, would soon lay the racial quarrels of the kingdom, by proving to its many races that the question is not one of nationalities, but of an oppressive ruling caste, of an aristocratic survival that will disappear before the strength of democracy.

HUNGARY AND INTERNATIONAL POLITICS.

A free and independent Hungary would be able to consult its own interests in international affairs. It would not necessarily sever its connection with the Triple Alliance; it need not join the Triple Entente. It might find it to its best interest to adhere to the present alignment of the great powers, but it would do so without bearing, as it does now, a disproportionate share of Austria's military and naval burdens. Of the Russian danger Dr. Farkashazy makes rather light. He does not believe that it really threatens Hungary; so far as it is a reality, he holds, it is directed against Austria, who, he adds, and not Russia, is responsible for the present condition in the Balkans, which originated in the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, an "altogether unnecessary move."

But the first consideration, the work now at hand, is the real liberation of Hungary. Technically she has been "free" since 1867; in reality she is hampered and worse by Austria's predominance. This is the direct aim of the Separatist party; once Hungary is free and enjoys democratic institutions, she will deal with the new difficulties that will confront her as an independent state.

Dr. von Farkashazy's host in New York, Alexander Konta, agrees with him as to Hungary's need of democratic institutions, but differs from him on the subject of the benefits to be derived by the country from an abrogation of the alliance with Austria. According to him, the Russian danger is as real for the kingdom as for the

empire, and each needs the support of the other to meet it.

Our visitor could find but one word to express his first impression of New York. Its "immensity," he said, overwhelmed him. And then its energy, its feverish employment of every minute of its time. The beauty of our skyline he admitted readily, but to him the real effect of our towering buildings is only really felt when one examines them separately, one by one. More than by the Woolworth Building even

rock III the light weather was particularly favorable to the American vessel, as it enabled her to carry full sail for every knot of the contests.

No description of yacht construction would be complete without a story of the builders who have played such a prominent part in the sporting history of the Anglo-Saxon race and whose names have become bywords on both sides of the Atlantic. Of these perhaps the best known is Nat Herreshoff, but the name of Edward Burgess should also be given attention. He received the unusual honor of having a degree conferred on him by Harvard College for the excellence of his ship designs. He planned the lines of the three successful defenders, the Puritan, the Mayflower and the Volunteer, and was presented with some \$25,000 by different yacht clubs in recognition of his efforts. After he died, in 1891, another fund of \$30,000 was raised among yachtsmen and given to his family.

Graduating from Harvard in 1871, Burgess became a naturalist, and for a year after graduation was employed as an instructor by his alma mater. He then became the secretary of the Boston Society of Natural History, and remained in this position for fifteen

years. When money troubles forced him to enter business he immediately turned to yacht designing, making his love of yachting, which he had gratified at every opportunity, a direct stepping stone to success. He was an authority on racing, and the yachting events and regattas of Massachusetts soon felt the influence of his presence. The Eastern Yacht Club, with which he allied himself, became famous. Mr. Burgess, however, fell so thoroughly in love with his new profession that he overworked himself, and his death has been attributed to the tax that he put upon his system through his efforts in yacht designing.

Nathaniel Herreshoff, who succeeded him as the most famous American yacht designer, is the descendant of a Prussian engineer who came to this country during the Revolution and made his home in Rhode Island. Nat received a scientific training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and was later employed as a mechanical engineer by the Corliss Engine Works, of Providence. He left the engine works and, with his brother, went into the business of building small launches at Bristol, R. I. His brother, John B. Herreshoff, although blind from boyhood, was possessed of great technical skill, and the two prospered, each one supplementing the work of the other. Their first success in yacht

building came in the 70s, and they won a reputation for themselves by the models of small craft that they designed. Their most famous early boat was the sloop Shadow, which defeated the Scotch Madge in 1881.

The Herreshoffs were sought out by the New York Yacht Club and began the construction of cup defenders. As success after success came to their models their yards were enlarged, until to-day every single part of the championship yachts is made on their own premises. They have been jealous of their success, and observed the utmost secrecy in regard to their models and methods, famous not only for the light, strong and graceful hulls that they have turned out, but for original and successful sail plans and hundreds of minor details.

The Herreshoffs have already a dozen of the most famous yachts in existence to their credit, including the four defenders, the Columbia, the Defender, the Reliance and the Vigilant, as well as the Constitution. Whether they add another to their list in the present Resolute remains to be seen.

Nat Herreshoff is himself an enthusiastic yachtsman and always has some small craft of his own design for his own pleasure. His cruises in his own boats have given him a material advantage in the construction of other models.

WHICH WILL DEFEND THE CUP?

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